



By JACK O. BALDWIN

Reid Bundy, our managing editor, starts his vacation on Monday. I hope he has a better time than my wife and I had on ours last year.

We spent our first night in the outskirts of San Diego in a little town where I used to work as a reporter. Quite by accident we ran across the chief of police.

"Al, ole boy, Where's a good motel around here?"

"Try the Tooseneck Mototel, And," he added "tell them I sent you."

We were greeted by a wheezed old gentleman wearing a night shirt hastily jammed into the waistline of a dilapidated pair of trousers.

"Al Fredericks, the chief of police, sent us here. He said you could fix my wife and me with a nice room," I told the proprietor.

"That'll be three fifty until midnight. Another dollar and a half after midnight.

It was a lovely room. It was about four feet away from the exit of a beer joint. A tunnel of empty beer cases as one wall and our bedroom as the other wall led to the little boy's room. That walkway had more traffic on it that night than the Hollywood Freeway.

The venetian blinds wouldn't close and had to undress in the dark.

At six in the morning a delivery of beer arrived and the driver started tearing down one wall of the tunnel. Next on the scene was the trash man, who unceremoniously dumped a barrel of empty wine bottles into his truck.

We really put the distance behind us the next day. We got as far as Whittier.

We picked another motel — one that was a long ways away from a beer joint. It stood in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by nothing but orange groves.

We had just crawled into the sack. I couldn't have been more comfortably if I had been lying in a potato sack in the bed of a truck. It was almost with relief that I was awakened a short time later by a gentleman who wanted me to get up and move my car so he could get his into the stall next to mine. I slipped my bare feet into a pair of cold shoes, climbed into a pair of pants and went outside to move my car. Wrong car.

It was a beautiful sunrise and I got to see most of it because the farmer who owned the orange grove started plowing his grove with a Caterpillar tractor that had no muffler.

The guy in the next unit wanted to get an early start for Phoenix and started up his car so it would warm up.

I abandoned any thought of sleeping in and stumbled toward the bathroom. The perfect day had begun. The plumbing wouldn't work. We dressed and drove to the nearest Mobil station. It was all right because we were about out of gas anyway.

"It's breakfast in Bakersfield," I told my wife. "Two days now we have been on the road and we haven't even got out of the Greater Los Angeles shopping area."

"Not even coffee?" she pleaded.

"Not even coffee! It's breakfast in Bakersfield."

I felt in a very gay mood as I sped down the Ridge Route toward Bakersfield. It was a warm morning and we had the windows rolled down. The rolling hills and the deep caverns jumping first from one side of the road to the next was a nice sight to see.

We were clipping along the broad, smooth, divided highway, about 65 miles per hour.

"Thump, thump, thump, thump. No brakes. Big canyons. And no breakfast."

I got out and walked back around the car knowing that the right rear tire would be flatter than a pancake. The wheel had come off.

Three hours later I returned to the car in a tow truck. I brought my wife, who had stayed with the car, a cold hamburger and a hot Coke.

She popped the cap on the



CONFERENCE . . . David M. Sowl, superintendent of industrial relations for the National Supply Co., confers with Norval Vorhis, secretary; Robert F. Burke, chairman; and Robert Timm, newly elected secretary of Local 128 of the Oil Workers International Union (CIO). Sowl's office occupies the center spot of the new Industrial Relations Center at the local industry.

In Modern Hospital

Sprained Ankles Almost a Pleasure

National Supply Co. employees don't mind sprained ankles nearly so much these days.

Facilities of the recently completed Industrial Relations Center on Border Ave., which include a modern, well-equipped hospital, make visits to the doctor a welcome respite from the pounding hammers, presses, and machines of the sprawling factory.

Completed last month, the 3825 square foot building includes, besides the hospital, offices of David Sowl, industrial relations superintendent; Scott F. Albright, employment manager; an office and dark room for Blanch Nagy, editor of National News; and reception rooms, employment interview rooms, and an ambulance way adjoining the hospital.

Among the Finest

The new hospital is one of the most efficient plant facilities of its type in the Southland. It includes a nurses' office, treatment rooms and therapy rooms with modern equipment, and a well equipped emergency room.

Designed and built by R. E. Payne, Inc. from floor plans submitted by the company, the new unit features a brick and desert tan stucco exterior which will eventually be carried out on all of the company's offices here.

Equipment Modern

Equipment available to the hospital staff includes X-ray ma-

chines, two whirlpool hydrotherapy tanks, diathermy equipment, and emergency facilities. The emergency room is connected to the plant area by a corridor wide enough to permit the passage of stretchers and is connected to Border Ave. by an ambulance driveway.

The receptionist sitting between the outer and inner reception rooms is able to handle callers for the entire center whether they are seeking employment or hospital services. Snuggled in the center of the building is the spacious office of its director, David Sowl. A huge conference table dominates the room which is used frequently for labor-management discussions and negotiations.

Is First of Several

The new Industrial Relations Center is the first of several building projects along Border Ave. to be completed by the company. A two-story wing which expands the company's local offices will be completed sometime next month. Other expansions in plant facilities are on the drawing boards, officials report.



MINOR EMERGENCY . . . Nurse Helene Wanbaugh dresses a cut on the hand of K. K. Thompson of National's carpenter shop. The modern plant hospital treats many injuries every day—reduces the time-loss record for injuries considerably.

Love Makers Picked For 'Our Town' Epic

Top love makers in the coming production of Thornton Wilder's three-act Pulitzer-prize winner, "Our Town," have been named and are passionately rehearsing for the opening date, Aug. 1 and 2, in the Torrance High School auditorium.

Barbara Burkeman, a member of the Torrance Community Players, a group of local young people enrolled in drama workshop class under the auspices of the Adult Education Department of the Torrance Unified School District, will hold down the female romantic lead. Opposite Miss Burkeman will be Charles Rich, a Los Angeles City College student.

Makes History

"Our Town," the first historically-staged production to be offered in Torrance, theatrical history, is directed by Dan Desmond, supervising director of the Torrance Community Players.

The audience will be seated entirely around the stage, and the actors will perform in the circle. No scenery or props are used in the novel presentation. Elaine Rehboldt, one of the town's most promising talents, according to Desmond, takes the part of Rebecca, sister of George, portrayed by Rich. Miss Rehboldt, a graduate of Tor-

rance High School, had leading roles in high school presentations. She currently is enrolled at Pepperdine College.

Tickets on Sale

Tickets for "Our Town" can be purchased from any member of the National Thespian Society of the local high school chapter, or at the door on performance night. A limited seating capacity is available because of the central staging. Admission price is 50 cents per person.

Others in the epic are Duane Ryan, Elsie Pestoff, Betty Henley, Charlie Babbit, Bob Click, John Lafferty, Ed Guth, Donna Latture, Doug, McClay, Hal Laudemann, Evelyn Lanz, Hugh Benson, Mary Lou Hutchinson, Janalee Provence, Louise Lafferty and Hal Schwartz.

Realty Firm Announces New Office Supervisor

Frank A. Young is the new branch office supervisor for Alter Realty and Insurance. Gerald L. Alter, president, announced this week. Branch offices, number five, with several more projected for activation as soon as suitable personnel is available, Alter said.



FOOT BATH DELUXE . . . Sticking his tootsie in a small whirlpool hydrotherapy tub is Virgil Neal, who is employed in the bench department at National. He was really in the hospital for another reason, but obliged the Herald photographer by sticking his foot in the contraption for a picture.



RECORD CENTER . . . Workers in the spacious personnel department of the new Industrial Relations Center at National Supply keep track of all employees at the huge plant. Shown here are Cleta Bartel, Freda Schuler, and Darlene Wilson. Not shown is the office of Scott F. Albright, employment manager, which is located in this section.

Shriners Plan Ceremonial For Hospital Dedication

For the benefit of Knights Hospitals for Crippled Children, Templar and 32nd Degree Scottish Rite Masons who wish to participate in the dedication ceremonies of the \$2,500,000 Los Angeles Unit of the Shriners

Coke bottle and it squirted all over the roof of the car.

She mumbled something about breakfast in Bakersfield as she washed down a bite of greasy hamburger with a swallow of hot bubbly Coca Cola.

The next 18 miles of our vacation were interesting.

We sat perched in our car as it was being towed back toward Los Angeles. The rear end was up on a dolly. We rode looking down at the oncoming traffic that passed us like we were going backwards—which we were.

The remainder of our vacation we spent painting the bathroom.

USS Veteran Buried in East

Funeral services for James Shidely Neish, 72, for 48 years an employee of the United States Steel Corp., were held Monday at Scottsdale, Pa., where he had been residing for the past 3 years.

Formerly of 1412 Crenshaw Blvd., Mr. Neish was the father of Mrs. Ardath Williams, now employed at the Columbia Steel cafeteria here. A son, James, with whom Mr. Neish had been residing since his retirement here, is employed at the Denora, Pa., USS plant.

Mr. Neish started with USS as an office boy at Denora. He later went to the Pittsburgh plant, returned to install machinery at Denora, soon was transferred to the Scottsdale, Pa. plant, went to a Wisconsin mill, and in 1932 came to the Torrance plant.

Families Here Pay More to Feed Government Than Self

The Los Angeles city and county area's average family pays more to feed the Federal Government than it does to feed itself.

This disclosure came to light in a report just compiled by the National Association of Manufacturers, for Lane D. Webber, vice-president of Southern California Edison Company. The report was designed to show the extent to which the cost of government has risen in terms of family incomes.

According to the report, Federal taxes, both direct and indirect, cost the average family in the Los Angeles area approximately \$1400 per year. That same family spends \$900 in the course of a year in the city's retail food stores.

The National Association of Manufacturers' report was based on official U. S. Government statistics published by the Department of Commerce and the Bureau of the Census and adjusted to include federal income taxes and other hidden levies such as excise and processing taxes. It shows how freedom shrinks as federal bureaucracy grows, restricting financial ability of the individual to plan his future, regimenting his daily life. The startling truth brought out by the report stressed again the need for the people of the Los Angeles area and all other American communities to realize just how much the federal government is costing us, and how personal liberty is devoured in its growth. The report said: "Once all of us realize it fully, we'll demand that the wild-spending bureaucracy in Washington, D. C., be stopped before we're all broke."